

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Poetry.

Summer's Farewell.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell
In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and the dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path which they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe;
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should part.
Yet why should I sigh? Other Summers will
Come,
Joy like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;
Again will the birds be singing;
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane
As wild and rich in its wreathing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other Summers will
Come!

They will, they will; but, ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing rays may gild with light
The grass on my grave-turf growing;
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom
May dwell with me in the silent tomb.
And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the fanciful one who had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;
Many might keep my name on their lips,
Pleased with that name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the Summer sun next shall
beam!

"Where there's a Will, there's a Way."

We have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For Wisdom has traced what they tell,
And truth may be drawn up as purely
From them, as it may from "a well."
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say; [woeers,
And you'll find that they believe, like bold
In "Where there's a will there's a way."
The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his track,
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved in his striving,
That "Where there's a will there's a way."
Have you vices that ask a destroyer?
Or passions that need a control?
Let Reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul.
Fight on, though you bleed in the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may,
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of Despair and Dismay,
And much may be gained by relying
On "Where there's a will there's a way."
Should you see, afar off, that worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust;
And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart and be sure you'll get through it,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Judge Gently.

Oh, there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretched forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.
Then oh, with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow,
So from each one of love his heart
New hope, new strength, shall borrow.
Nor turn, with cold and scornful eye,
From him who hath offended,
But let the harshness of reproof
With kindest tones be blended.
The seeds of good are every where,
And, in the guiltiest bosom,
Should, by quickening rays of love,
Put forth their tender blossom.
While many a tempted soul hath been
To deeds of evil hardened,
Who felt that bitterness of grief,
The first offence unpardoned.

To Philanthropists.

Love with strength as well as meekness;
Love with firmness, not with weakness;
Probe the wound and scarify,
Before the balsam you apply.
Be so benevolent, I pray,
As to drive the wolf away,
Love him, if you will, but keep
Some love also for the sheep.
"The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of men—like flowers."

Miscellaneous.

Something for Farmers.

Here is an extract of a letter written by
HORACE GREENE, of the N. Y. Tribune,
while attending the State Agricultural Fair at
Syracuse.

There cannot be less than two or three
hundred different kinds of Agricultural Im-
plements on exhibition here—Horse-Rakes,
Cultivators, Straw-Cutters, Sub-Soil and all
other Plows, new Bee-Hives, Water-Wheels,
Horse-power Saws, &c. &c. I consider this
altogether the most important feature of the
Fair. A great O. may be made by a greater
fool; but no man who ever worked a
year at farming can spend a day among these
implements and inventions without
being stimulated to think. The great end of
all such exhibitions is an improvement of the
breed of Farmers—of Men. Now the man
who has been skimming over a hundred
acres of land for the last twenty or thirty
years, plowing six inches deep, manuring
with his good wishes, and growing fifteen or
twenty bushels of corn to the acre, cannot
spend a day in one of these Fair-grounds
without being startled and ashamed. These
Sub-Soil Plows, one of which, properly used,
would double his usual product of Corn and
Vegetables, and in one of which his scanty
crop of Hay might have made, with the aid
of Straw, Stalks, &c. to winter his stock
bountifully; these Cultivators, Seed-Planters,
Horse-Rakes and other labor-saving im-
plements must set him thinking. What sort of
crops do these farmers obtain who use such
implements? Who make the most of farm-
ing—the fifteen or the fifty-bushel corn-grow-
ers? What sort of farmers is it who are able
to buy land when any is for sale low for cash?
What sort of farming leaves land in condi-
tion to sell advantageously? These ques-
tions arise spontaneously in the simplest
minds, and they will be answered. I don't
believe a farmer can attend three successive
Fairs, keeping his head unclouded by liquor,
and not resolve to farm better through all his
life afterward.
No other landowner could bear to be man-
aged so wretchedly as farming shall be. Only
think of civilized men killing their bees to
get the honey in this Nineteenth Century
after Christ. Killing a cow to obtain her milk
would be on the same principle. Yet to this
day half the bee-men smother their bees to
get the honey, although the land is full of
simple and cheap means on a human and
more economical principle. How long shall
the stupid barbarism of smothering bees con-
tinue?

CALIFORNIA.—THOMAS O. LARKIN, a resi-
dent of California for the last eighteen years,
in a carefully prepared notice of the country,
its advantages and disadvantages, says:
Although there are many advantages in
California over some of our other territories,
and a wide field of enterprise for a new
beginner, I would earnestly advise all those who
are well situated at their place of nativity or
adoption to remain as they are. To a young
man, not yet in business, with little or no ex-
perience in our Atlantic or Middle
States, I would say, try California; more
especially if he is bold, active, restless, and am-
bitious, and not inclined to dissipation. Sick-
ness he will be liable to here as elsewhere,
even without exposure in the places. If he
knows one card or one vine from another where
he was educated, raised, or brought up, in Cal-
ifornia he will soon know the whole pack, and be-
come a perfect connoisseur of liquors. This
will alter for the better as society becomes
established. For a farmer, mechanic, or mer-
chant, with ordinary prospects in any other
State, to break up for the purpose of coming
out, with the view of bettering his condition
in California, is, I think, if not utopian, at
least hazardous.

Russian Vengeance.

Behind the chapel was a rack, and on both
sides of the rack were several rows of gallows
some miles in length, and instruments of
torments were in accordance with the degree
of culpability and station in society of the
criminals. In the first row of gallows the most
guilty were executed; after being subject to
the rack they were quartered alive. The lead-
ers had their hands and left leg cut off, and
afterward impaled on long spikes, and left to
their horrible fate. Their groans were heard
for miles, and their bodies feasted the eyes of
the panic-stricken population. In the second
row of gallows they were only quartered, and
their sufferings were, at least, shorter. In the
third row the parties were simply beheaded.
In the fourth row they were merely hanged.
In the fifth they ran the gantlet, and the
knout. All the ecclesiastics were burned.
There were separate gallows for women, mar-
ried and maiden. Even children of thirteen
years were subjected to great cruelty. Mar-
ried couples were occasionally hanged on the
same gallows, as well as whole families.—
During the space of three months, 13,000
human beings were executed in presence of
Dolgorouki, Stenko Rasin's nephew and
particular friend was quartered. Among the
female prisoners was a handsome nun, who
over her female garments had a male attire.
She commanded a corps of 7,000 men, gave
more than once proofs of extraordinary cour-
age and great ability in the field, and inflicted
terrible losses on the Russians. When sum-
moned before Dolgorouki, she displayed a
firmness and presence of mind difficult to
describe, and said, if every one under her
command had done his duty in such a man-
ner as she had done, Dolgorouki, instead of
ereciting gallows, would have taken to his
heels. As for a nun in Russia to run away
from a monastery is a capital offense, she lay
down quietly on the funeral pile, and was
burned to ashes. The dangling dead bodies
of so many thousand veterans brought many
crows and ravens, which devoured the corpses.
From that time that suburb is called the sub-
urb of hell.—The Cossacks of the Ukraine.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.—Men of the world
hold that it is impossible to do a disinter-
ested action, except from an interested motive;
for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser,
more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also
convinced, that when the sun is showing
light from the sky, he is only standing there
to be stared at.

Somebody tells a story of a precocious
young quizz, who seeing his father preserve
fruit in spirits, said: "Pa, is that the reason
why you have liquor in your head so often,
because you want to preserve your wife?"

Socialism in France.

Paris Correspondence of the Tribune.
PARIS, AUG. 29, 1849.

I am happy to inform you that notwith-
standing wars and rumors of wars and coups
d'etat and commercial troubles and every-
thing, the practical measures for improve-
ment in the condition of the working-classes
concerning which I have once or twice
written you, are going steadily forward.—
The model lodging-houses are approaching
completion with gratifying rapidity. In the
Faubourg St. Denis is one of these grand
establishments which begins to look finish-
ed. It is already nearly roofed over, and
before Winter is past will in all probability
be inhabited, furnishing to its occupants ten
times as much comfort as they have hitherto
had for the same money, they have paid for
house-rent.

The Workmen's Associations are daily
extending their numbers and their opera-
tions. There are already about two hundred
of these industrious establishments, includ-
ing every mechanical trade that is carried
on here. The success of these Associations
is most encouraging, notwithstanding the
stagnation of business, as is their influence
on their members. The air of independence
which belongs to them is in striking con-
trast with the men of the working class who
wages, at the beck of a master, without such
security of employment as is afforded by
these large combinations. It is by their
means that the pauperism, which is one
great motive of revolutions, must be eradicated.
The Associations maintain all possible
the mutual relations and make it a point to
buy and sell of each other, thus becoming,
as it were, their own customers. They are
combined together in what they call "Societe
Universelle." This Society is now proposing
to publish a daily paper, to be devoted di-
rectly to the interests of the Associations,
not only as an advertising sheet for their
wares, but as the promoter of this excellent
sort of practical Socialism.

From the Chronotype.

Fuddle!

For what do people drink grog? For
fuddle. Why do they eat opium? For fuddle.
Why do they smoke, chew, or take snuff? For
fuddle. What difference is there between
rum fuddle, tobacco fuddle, or opium fuddle?
The same difference there is between twelve-
den and twenty-four den.
Which is the nearest stimulant of all?
Opium, because a little pill can be slipped
into the mouth without any body's being an-
noyed by it, or knowing it. The opium
eater hurts himself more than any one else,
except he has a family. In that case they feel
the expense. Opium makes men too stupid
to fight, and they don't spit either at or on
you.

How is it with grog? It is a noisy fellow,
fighting, snarling, cursing, biting animal;
look out for him. I've seen him take tons,
woker, anything coming at hand, to beat
with his brains out if possible. Grog fuddle
comes at too mighty an expense.

How is it with tobacco, and what harm in
a quid? Horrendum tragicum, as the school-
boy would say, spittoons, bar-rooms, railroad
cars, and pulpits answer! what harm in a
quid! A tobacco chewer is a nuisance; he
has no modesty at all. He will spit any
where and every where for his own con-
venience—how tidy! Look at that lady's dress
—she came into the cars and only one seat
is vacant—a tobacco chewer has just left it.
She must sit down in a puddle of tobacco
juice or stand up. O tempora, O mores!
I could see that fellow's nose where the la-
dy's dress goes.

Well, smoking don't nummy anybody, does it?
Oh, no! surely not. A smoker has a perfect
right to smoke for his own comfort, in omni-
buses or cars, or in the street, or any where,
provided only he gets to the window and
lets all his puffs sweep the whole width of
his wake into every body's face. Is not this
a free country? The smoker is one of the
most accommodating folks in the world.—
He will take the outside of the omnibus or
the railroad car, when windows and doors
are open, and give you the whole benefit of
his whiffs.

The snuffler does no harm, be sure? Es-
pecially lady snufflers! how charming in a
ball of butter to see the yellow Lorillard
nixed in with the salt! what a fine flavor,
too, a little snuff gives to nice butter. Har-
m, to take snuff? why, doesn't every ball
of butter which the good housewife makes
weigh considerably more for every pinch of
snuff mixed with it?

Says Tweedle-dee to Tweedle-dum,
I wish to make the fuddle come;
Give me a glass of toddy, fine,
Brandy, or rum, or gin, or wine.

Says Tweedle-dum to Tweedle-dee,
A quid or pipe will do for me;
No I can make the fuddle come,
Tobacco 'll do as well as rum.

Qoth Gripus to them both, when I
Would cheer me up and get me high,
A pill of opium I take,
Or morphine, for the "stomach's sake."

ANTI-NUISANCES.

Boston, Sept. 3, 1849.

GETTING MORE PRACTICAL.—We are hap-
py to find that there is an opinion prevailing
more or less throughout the community,
that it is time the course of education in
our seminaries should have a more practical
tendency. Yale College and Cambridge
have now their professors of Agriculture.—
What would have been thought 40 or 50
years ago, of a professor of agriculture in
one of those stately old Colleges, where the
sight of a farmer would have been consid-
ered as much out of place as a pig in a pul-
pit! We see it noticed in the journals of
the day, that the trustees of Union College
contemplate such an extension of the exist-
ing course of studies as to include the more
useful applications of science to the arts,
such as civil and mechanical engineering,
agricultural and mechanical chemistry, &c.

FOR MORALISTS TO THINK OF.—The
mother, the minister, the school-master
teach that justice is sacred, that life is sacred
and to love and do good to one another.—
But a nation, by the example of war, teaches
that justice is not sacred, that life is not sac-
red, and to hate, rob and slay one another.
—Justice Parker.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—There is a farm in
this State which contains 27,000 acres. The
proprietor of it, the present season, raised
13,000 ears of corn, 3000 of which is in one
field. At 50 bushels per acre, this would
give 650,000 bushels.

Another Trick of the Trade.

It has been ascertained that a number of
run-sellers, tavern keepers, steamboat own-
ers, and rowdies, in New Jersey and Penn-
sylvania, in order to "raise the wind," get
up counterfeit camp meetings. The Bur-
lington Gazette says that their plan is to
hire a few colored pretended preachers,
erect tents and groceries in a piece of
woods convenient for the purpose, and ad-
vertise "A CAMP MEETING," by which
they congregate a large number of infamous
characters of all descriptions—and as it has
a double purpose—that of making money
and having a grand frolic, as well as to tra-
duce and cast into disrepute all religion, it
serves the purpose of the depraved part of
creation. This is in perfect keeping with
the whole vile business of run-selling.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the
rainbow and the cloud come over us with a
beauty that is not of earth, and then pass a-
way, and leave us to muse on their faded
loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which
hold their festivals around the midnight
throne, are set above the grasp of our limited
faculties, forever mocking us with unap-
proachable glory? And why is it that bright
forms of human beauty are presented to our
view and then taken from us, leaving the
thousand streams of our affections to flow
back in an Alpine torrent upon our heart?
We are born for a higher destiny than that
of earth. There is a realm where the rain-
bow never fades, where the stars will spread
out before us like islands that shimmer on the
ocean—and where the beautiful beings that
now pass before us like visions will stay be-
fore us forever.—Geo. D. Prentice.

A DANDY'S BRAINS.—Not long ago a couple
of fellows in New-York happened to take a
fancy to a young lady, and one of them, who
was a dandy, sent the other a challenge,
which was accepted; and accordingly they
proceeded to the "barney" to try the cold
blood. The seconds loaded the pistols with
nothing but powder. The one who received
the challenge put a rotten egg in his
pocket; and when the pistols were dis-
charged, the dandy standing ready to fall from
the fright, received the egg plump in his
forehead, which caused him to fall on his
spindle shanks quite to the ground, and he
applying both hands to his face, scraped off
the moving matter, and turning his eyes
mournfully towards heaven, exclaimed, "O
God! see my brains!"

THE PINK IN HEART.—The springs of
everlasting life are within. There are clear
streams gushing up from the depths of the
soul, and flowing to enliven the sphere of
outward existence. But like the waters of
Siloa, they "go swiftly." You must listen to
catch the silver tones of the little rill as it
glides from its mountain home; you may
not witness its march through the green
vale, its course will be seen in the fresh ver-
dure and the opening flowers; its presence
will be known by the forms of life and beau-
ty which gather around it. It is ever thus
with the pure. You may not hear the "still
small voice" or heed the silent aspiration;
but there is a moral influence and a holy
power when you will feel. The wilderness
is made to smile, flowers of new life and
beauty spring up and flourish, while an
invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance
through the spiritual atmosphere.

A TETOTALER FOR A KING.—President
Mahmud, in a letter to the Cleveland True
Democrat from Paris, says: "In Sweden,
you know, there is more actual interper-
nence than in any other nation in Europe.—
The King of that nation has recently become
a thorough tetotaler, and is now sending
missionaries and lecturers throughout his
kingdom, to convert the people to his prin-
ciples on this subject."

LABORIOUS PRAYERS.—A Boston print,
referring to the prayer by Rev. Mr. Barnard,
at the funeral obsequies at Boston, of Presi-
dent Polk, says: "It was one of the most el-
equent and beautiful prayers we have ever
heard—a finished production—and must have
cost the author a great deal of labor!"

GOLD.—A correspondent of the London
Times says: "It will hardly be believed that
the whole quantity of gold currency in the
world, taking it at its usual estimate of
2,150,000,000 sterling, would only weigh
1,150 tons, and that in bulk a room 20 feet
long, 12 feet wide, and 10 feet high would
hold it all."

UNBELIEF.—Hearing a man complain that
political papers of all kinds had "become such
liars, that for his part, he did not believe any
of them," reminds one of the old anecdote of
the miller and his three sons. Coming into
the mill and finding a grist in the hopper, the
father cried out: "Now, have you told this
grist?" "Yes, sir," "Bill, have you told
this grist?" "Yes, sir," "Sam, have you
told this grist?" "Yes, sir," "You are all a
pack of lying scoundrels," says the old man,
"I don't believe a word you say,—I'll tell
myself!"

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing
good to somebody; put on your hat, and
go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire
into their wants and administer unto them;
seek out the desolate and oppressed, and
tell them the consolations of religion. I
have often tried this method, and have al-
ways found it the best method for a heavy
heart.—Howard.

The chaplain to the jail at Coventry, Eng.,
has been dismissed for holding a prisoner's
hand over a lighted candle, with a view to
induce penitence by impressing her with the
torments of hell. The reverend gentleman
admitted the fact, and said he committed the
act because the woman was of such a stolid
temper that she was only to be reached
through her senses!

The late Dr. Channing, speaking of a re-
former, says:—"I far prefer his morbidly
sensitive vision to prevalent evils, to the
stone blindness of the multitudes who con-
demn him."

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A lad in Salem
was asked a few days since by his teacher
what "Paradise" meant? "Something left by
a father," was the prompt reply. "And
what would you call it if left by a mother?"
"Why," answered the boy, "Matrimony, of
course."
[Percy's Pic-Nic.]

The Milky way has been defined in an
Exchange as the road which leads to the
pump.

SALEM BOOKSTORE!!

BARNABY & WHINERY
DEALERS IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.,
North side of Main street, Salem, O.
A general assortment of Literary, Scientific,
Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books and
school books, kept constantly on hand. Prices
reasonable. Terms, CASH.

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All operations in Dentistry performed in the
best manner, and all work warranted elegant
and durable. Charges reasonable.
Salem, Sept. 28, 1849.

ANTI-SLAVERY BOOKS!!

THE following are for sale at the SALEM
BOOKSTORE.

Jay's Review of the Mexican War.
Liberty Bell.
Douglass' Narrative.
Brown's Do.
Brown's Anti-Slavery Harp.
Archy Moore.
Slavery Illustrated in its effects upon Wo-
man.
Despotism in America.
Church as it is, the forlorn hope of Slavery.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholders Religion.
War in Texas.
Garrison's Poems.
Pierpont's Poems.
Phillips' Whetstone's Poems.
Condition of the People of Color.
Legion of Liberty.
Liberty.
Madison Papers.
Phillips' Review of Spooner.
Dissident.

Moody's History of the Mexican War.
Letters and Speeches of Geo. Thompson.
And various other Anti-Slavery Books and
Pamphlets. Also a variety of other Reform
publications; such as:
Equality of the sexes, by Sarah M. Grimke.
My's Discourse on the Rights and Condi-
tion of Woman.
Auto-biography of H. C. Wright.
James Boyle's letter to Garrison.
Burleigh's Death Penalty.
Pious Frauds, Pillsbury.
Health Tracts.
Water-Cure Manual.
Female Midwifery.
N. P. Rogers' Writings.
Theodore Parker's Sermons.
Ballou's Non Resistance.
George S. Burleigh's Poems.
The Young Abolitionists, by J. E. Jones,
&c. &c. &c.
Also a General assortment of Books, Miscel-
laneous, Scientific and Literary.
BARNABY & WHINERY.
August 31, 1849.

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Wholesale and Retail Grocer, Fruiterer and
Confectioner; No. 141, Liberty St., Pitts-
burgh.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and
the public generally that he is now receiving and
keeps constantly on hand all articles in the
above branches of the best quality and at mod-
erate prices.

GROCERIES,
25 Chests Young Hyson Tea,
10 " Gunpowder and Imperial Tea,
30 " Superior Black Tea,
100 Bags No. 1 Coffee,
25 " Laquira Coffee,
10 " Old Java Coffee,
65 Bbls. New Orleans Molasses,
30 1-2 " New Orleans Molasses,
10 " Sugar House Molasses,
Loaf, Crushed, and Powdered Sugar,
Havana and New Orleans Sugars,
100 Bags Brazil Sugar,
20 Barrels Woolsey's Sugars,
200 Lbs. Nutmegs,
2 Bales Cloves,
10 Bags Black Pepper,
5 " Pimento,
10 Boxes No. 1 Chocolate,
30 " Assorted Tobaccos,
100,000 " Segars,
25 Dozen Assorted Pickles,
25 " Peppers and Cutsupps,
100 Mats Cinnamon,
10 Boxes Mustard,
200 " Scaled Herrings,

FRUITS AND NUTS,
50 Boxes Oranges, 30 Kegs Raisins,
20 " Lemons, 10 Cases Prunes,
200 " Raisins, 8 Mats Dates,
50 Casks Currants, 750 Bbls. Ground Nuts,
50 Drums Figs, 30 Bags Soft Almonds,
30 Bags Filberts, 20 Box Shell
175 " Pecans, 20 Bags Eng. Walnuts,
100 Doz. L. Syrops, 20 Doz. Palm Nuts,
10 Cases Liquorice, 200 Cans Sardines.
Confectionaries manufactured daily, all fa-
vors, shapes, and sizes, packed carefully in 25,
50, 75, and 100 lbs. Boxes and shipped to all
parts of the country free of charge.
Pittsburgh, Sept. 1849.

Agents for the Bugle.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and L. John-
son.
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mallon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro—Dr. R. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Thomas Swayne.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickerson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bundysburgh—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Bavonia—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
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Granger—L. S. Spees.

INDIANA.
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